

PUSHING FORWARD.

There is always a way to rise, my boy,
Always a way to advance;
Yet the road that leads to Mount Success
Does not pass by the way of Chance,
But goes through the stations of Work and Strive
Through the valley of Perseverance,
And the man that succeeds, while others fail,
Must be willing to pay most dear.

For there's always a way to fall, my boy,
Always a way to slide,
And the men you find at the foot of the hill
All sought for an easy ride.
So on and up, though the road be rough
And the storms come thick and fast;
There is room at the top for the man who tries,
And victory comes at last.

—Success.

BETRAYED
BY A MOLEA Story of a Masquerade Ball
and a Dinner Party.

Carroll Frere had gone to the French ball masque. It was all very wearisome to him. He had been to dozens of such balls before, and he wondered now what he had come for. It was not as it had been when he was a boy. It was nothing but a nuisance, and yet he staid, wearied and disgusted, yawning until the tears came in his eyes, wishing himself elsewhere and lingering about in dreary isolation.

There came of a sudden a sigh, a long, quivering sigh, almost a sob. Carroll was startled, but he made no sign. There was some one in the box, after all. Without moving his head he flashed a glance through the grating out of the corners of his eyes. There was a woman sitting there, quite close to him. She must have moved from the back of the box since he had come, for he was certain that she was not there when he took his seat.

She evidently had not noticed him and believed herself unobserved. In his brief glance Carroll had seen that she wore a black domino and mask of the plainest kind; that her hands were clasped in her lap, and that she appeared to be looking at the dancers. They could not see her, he thought.

He stole another look at her, and as he did so she sighed again—a sigh of weariness and pain. Then she moved and, taking up a fan in her lap, began to noisefully fan herself. The flap of her mask moved in the faint winnowing air made by the fan, rose a little, then fell. Suddenly, at a wider sweep of the fan, the flap curved upward in a deep wave, and Carroll saw a portion of a smooth, pale cheek, the corner of her mouth, and near it, toward the chin, a small brown mole.

Almost simultaneously she raised her eyes and saw him looking at her through the grating. She dropped the fan and made a grasp at the edge of the mask. Through the two slits for the eyes Carroll saw her, and, though he could not tell whether they were light or dark, he saw that they were full of terror. The thought flashed through his mind, "I will know her again," and he knew that she had thought the same of him. The next instant she had withdrawn into the back of the box. Carroll went home wondering about her.

A few evenings later he went to a dinner at the house of a fashionable lady who was a relation of his. Just before dinner she came to him and said:

"Carroll, I have a favor to ask of you. My niece, Helen, a little country lass, is in town for the winter, to stay with her brother, who is going to college. She is under my wing and is very young and bashful. I am going to ask you to take her in to dinner and be kind to her. She has seen so little of society. She was here a moment ago, but has run away again for something or other. I will introduce you to her when she comes back."

Carroll assured her that he would be delighted, which had more truth in it than such remarks usually have. It would be less trouble to talk to a young miss like this than to a more tried veteran, and if she couldn't talk he could eat his dinner in peace and let her preserve the silence so dear to the debutante.

Presently, in the movement and well bred shuffling of a dinner cortege getting under way, a young girl was given him to take as his partner and with whom he brought up the rear of the long procession. He hardly noticed her. Bread and butter was not in his line. He felt her small hand put limply on his arm, and he was dimly aware that her dress was pink. She said nothing. In answer to his remark about the oak panels in the hall she assented faintly.

She was evidently extremely raw. Seated at table, Carroll, unfolding his napkin, said he liked pink candle shades and then began to take his soup. When he had finished it, he looked about the table, smiled at a lady opposite, said something to a man farther down. Finally, absently brushing his long mustache with his napkin, he looked at his companion. She was sitting with her hands in her lap, her head drooped, her eyes staring at the centerpiece. Her cheeks and chin were smooth and pale, and near the corner of her mouth toward the chin was a square piece of black court plaster.

Still smoothing back his mustache with the napkin, Carroll looked at the small black square. He would have given a year's income if it would have fallen off. He looked at the shape and set of her head, at the pose of her folded hands. It was the same, yet how could it be? He looked at her cheek and chin and then, lowering his eyes, tried to recall the exact appearance of the cheek and chin he had seen under

the mask's undulating flap. Then he glanced up. It was the same, there could be no doubt. And still it seemed incredible. She was not more than eighteen years old, and she looked so pensive and wistful. She seemed to have forgotten his presence and to be absorbed in her own melancholy ponderings, staring at the centerpiece with thoughtful dark eyes.

"Mrs. Lafarge tells me," he said suddenly, leaning toward her, "that you have only just come to town."
She started and looked up at him. He even seemed to recognize the eyes with their look of scared surprise. For a moment she seemed confused, then she said:

"Yes, but I am going to stay for the winter. My brother is here at college. I have come to look after him. We are orphans."

Having given her explanation she looked away and seemed to be about to once more relapse into silence.

"You will be able to have a gay winter," he said, determined to make her talk. "You are fond of society, I suppose?"

She was silent for a brief space and then answered as if reluctantly:

"No, I don't care for going out."
"I thought all young girls loved dancing, parties, balls," he continued, intently watching her.

"Others may, I don't."
"You like the country life best?"

She turned her eyes on him and said with a deep sigh:

"Oh, yes!"

If there was anything needed to confirm him in his belief that this young girl was one and the same as the woman he had seen at the ball the sigh was all that was necessary. As it fell upon his ear, plaintively soft and melancholy, he seemed once more to be looking through the gilded grating at the masked figure and the fluttering fan.

Full of conflicting doubts, he leaned back in his chair to think. At the same moment the lady on his other side turned toward him with some laughing remark which required a quick answer. Then came challenge and retort from farther up the table, and for some moments the conversation ran on brilliantly. Dinner was nearly at a close when his opportunity came. Every one about them was talking or laughing. The girl beside him alone was silent, sunk in her brooding thoughts. Without a word of warning he suddenly leaned toward her and said, almost in a whisper:

"What were you doing at the masked ball on Thursday evening?"

She turned pale, but sat silent without moving. He was silent, too, waiting for an answer. After a few seconds she said:

"I had to go."
"You had to go?" he repeated in surprise.

"Yes. I didn't know what else to do. I found out that Charlie—that my brother—had gone. It was too late to find him, and anyway, he would have only got angry with me. He says I am always interfering. But it isn't that. There are only us two, and we have to take care of each other. I must take care of him and he of me. I knew it was a wrong place for him to go, but he was already gone. So I had to go after him. It would be different if he was not so young, and he's lived in the country all his life. And then to suddenly come to the city, and he forgets about the money—that we've only just got enough. Perhaps—I'm afraid that he doesn't seem to know very well how to take care of himself like the others. But they've lived in the city all their lives, and so it is different."

She paused and looked at him with a sort of pleading apology for the weak boy. Then she went on:

"I've come from our home to take care of him. The others have mothers and brothers, but he has only me. It's hard to keep from making him angry and yet to look after him, and so I went with my old nurse. I knew if I could find him I could bring him back with me. We got the masks and dominoes from a man near the door who had them to hire. Then I went into that empty box and waited till he came by, because there was such a crowd, and the people couldn't see me. Soon after you had gone he passed, and then I called to him, and he came and we went home."

She hesitated and stopped, then said hurriedly:

"When I saw you tonight, I knew you again, and I thought you would know me. I ran up stairs and put this piece of court-plaster on the mole. I was afraid of your knowing me. I was afraid you would think badly of me for being there."

She was interrupted by the rising of the ladies. As she turned to go she paused and, looking at him with wistful inquiry, said:

"Do you?"

He looked at her without speaking, but shook his head.

As the men settled back into their chairs one of them, noticing Carroll still standing gazing vacantly at a window opposite, cried laughingly:

"Look at the sentimentalist lost in contemplation of the stars!"

Carroll started and, taking his seat, answered quietly:

"Yes, I've been looking at a star."

Priceless Letters Destroyed.
Sir Walter Scott once made an itinerary of the borders, in the course of which he wrote a lawyer friend in Edinburgh a close and realistic account of everything he heard and observed, every quaint location and droll custom. But the stupid heirs of the recipient of these priceless epistles consigned them to the flames and thus rendered what would have been a charming book impossible. It is curious how really interesting letters get destroyed, while those containing private and personal matters are most sedulously treasured.—London Globe.

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Hair Raising.
Just when the mutilation of the dead by tearing the skin from the head began will never be known, for the origin is lost in the midst of ages, the record extending back beyond even the mythical period of man's existence. In the book of Maccabees it is recorded that at the termination of one of the battles of which that bloody history is so full the victorious soldiers tore the skin from the heads of their vanquished foes. This would be evidence that the custom of scalp taking was one of the indulgences even of those people of whom we have record in the Bible.
Be it as it may, it is an established fact that the custom is a universal one, so far as savage man is concerned. Whether ethnologists can build a theory of a common origin of man from this or not, or whether this can be taken as an evidence that the Indians are the descendants of the lost Israelite tribes because of their habit of securing mementos of hair from their fallen enemies, is something time alone will develop. Be that as it may, it is a fact that all Indian tribes, to a certain extent, scalp their enemies who have fallen in battle.—London Globe.

Curious Fact in Natural History.
An incident which will be interesting to naturalists is told in a recent number of the Scotsman. One of the foresters in the employ of the Marquis of Lothian was returning from his work when he noticed a wild duck flying from a larch tree. On close examination he observed a common brown owl looking down from what appeared to be a nest in the cleft of the tree about thirty feet from the ground and apparently near the place from which the duck had flown. Curiosity prompted him to climb to the place, which he did with great difficulty. The owl on his approach flew off, and to his surprise he found in the nest two eggs—an owl's and a wild duck's. It is not uncommon for both owls and ducks to build their nests high up on trees, but it is unheard of for one nest to be appropriated by both birds.

A Clever Minister.
"To the town of Norridgewock, in Maine," said a clergyman, "a strange minister once came to preach. He preached duly, and after the sermon was over he mingled with the congregation, expecting that some one would invite him to dinner. One by one, however, the congregation departed, offering the hungry minister no hospitality, and he began to feel anxious. Where was he to eat? As the last deacon was leaving the church the minister rushed up to him and shook him warmly by the hand.

"I want you to come home and dine with me," the minister said.
"Why, where do you live?" said the deacon.
"About thirty miles from here," the deacon rejoined. "Oh, you come and dine with me instead," he said."

A Gypsy Prophecy.
An English magazine relates a curious instance of gypsy prophecy. The third Earl of Malmesbury, as Lord Fitzharris, was riding to a yeomanry review near Christchurch, when his orderly, some distance in front, ordered a gypsy woman to open a gate. The gypsy woman quietly waited till Lord Fitzharris and his staff rode up, when she addressed them, saying, "Oh, you think you are a lot of fine fellows now, but I can tell you that one day your bones will whiten in that field." Lord Fitzharris laughed and asked her whether she thought they were going to have a battle, adding it was not very likely in that case they would choose such a spot. More than forty years later the field was turned into a cemetery.

A Country of Linguists.
Almost every native of Iceland, even the peasants and fishermen, can speak at least one foreign language besides his local Danish dialect. Some years ago it became a fad to study languages, and now a person speaking only one tongue is looked down upon as extremely ignorant. English leads; then come German and French. Papers in those three languages are read extensively in Iceland and may be found in all the village reading rooms.

The Head and Feet.
The connection between the head and feet is well known. A hot head is ordinarily relieved by a hot footbath. So cold feet tend to congest the brain and other internal organs. Sometimes cold feet are caused by tight lacing or tight fitting shoes. But it is as much a suicidal act to hasten death by compressing the lungs or the feet as by compressing the neck with a rope.

A Serious Decision.
Beatrice (aged six, after remaining in deep thought for quite two minutes, addressing her mother, who has been choosing frocks for her)—Mummy, dear, before you buy the frocks, I've thought it all over, and I think I'd rather be a boy.—London Tit-Bits.

Confined to His Room.
Benefactor—How is your husband now, my dear woman? Poor Woman—I am sorry to say, sir, he is confined to his room. Benefactor—Could I see him? Poor Woman—Possibly, sir, if you applied at the county jail.

Nothing but Praise.
"Mr. Richley had nothing but praise for your work for him before the citizens' committee," said the friend.
"Yes," replied the lobbyist gloomily, "nothing but praise."—Philadelphia Press.

Perfection.
Husband—H'm—or—what's the matter with this cake? Wife—There can't be anything the matter. The cookery book says it is the most delicious cake that can be made.

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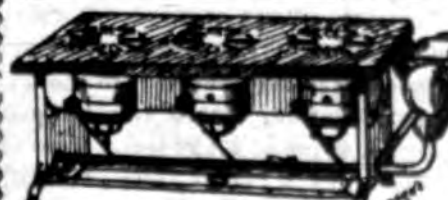
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